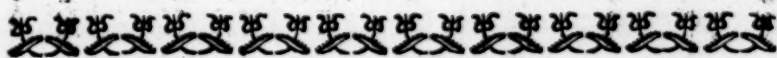


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A
SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
TWO SOULS, &c.



[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TWO SOULS



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[THE END OF THE WORLD]

Shandy (T.)
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SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TWO SOULS,

IN THE

PALPABLE BODIES

OF AN

ENGLISH LADY OF QUALITY

AND AN

IRISH GENTLEMAN.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TWO SOULS

IN THE

PALMABLE BODIES



IRISH GENTLEMEN

LONDON

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Tristram Shandy presents his Compliments to the Gentlemen of Ireland, and begs their Acceptance of a Sentimental Offering, as an Acknowledgment due to the Country where he was born.

Register should present the County
agents to the Government of Ireland, and
for their inspection of a statement
of the County agents to the Government
of Ireland, and for their inspection of a statement

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PREFATORY CHAPTER.

I Neither say, nor ever shall say, that it consists in the frequency; Heaven forbid it should! but I do say, believe, and maintain, that the happiness of life depends upon it.

As a total privation embitters all other blessings, an abundance thereof is more than a palliative for every evil under the sun. In low life, how inventive! how subtle! how

full of resources! even to lay the storms of adversity under contribution! Like the Switz peasant, buried in his cottage for three long winter months under a mountain of snow, it turns the most dreary and uncomfortable habitation into a kind asylum from the inclemency of fortune.

How sharp is the tooth of adversity! how terrible are its ghastly wounds! Your favourite child drowned! a hog jostled him over the bank into the river as he was playing with his companions by the water side.

Your cow, the support of three others, lost in labour; and the flattering hopes of a golden calf for ever blasted! Hunger, where is thy sting? Nakedness, where is thy reproach?

reproach?---Within that tattered blanket thou wilt find consolation and refreshment, and pass, perhaps, as precious moments as my Lord Mayor in his connubial bed of damask—the motto on which I have always looked upon as foolish, wicked and presumptuous.

—O Lord, shew us the way—*Dirige nos Domine*; foolish, because it is against a wise rule without an exception—*nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus*—presumptuous and wicked, as it audaciously pre-supposes a sufficient ability annexed to the incumbent; of performing the journey by himself, without any antecedent preparation—except a guide. —After all, I believe it is only a mistake of the Court of Aldermen—if they had consulted

sulted their chaplain upon the occasion, he would have set them right—for they undoubtedly meant to say *Erige nos Domine*—that it may please thee to raise up those that fall, to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak hearted—for the rest, he would have said, my Lady Mayorefs will, as in duty bound, infallibly continue to direct and guide you in the right way.

V O L.

VOL. XII.—CHAP. XIII.

TELL Lady Betty Oméga that break-
 fast waits—her Ladyship is com-
 ing, your Honour—my dear, you
 look divinely to-day—you absolutely grow
 younger—there is no impossibility in grow-
 ing handsomer, Sir Phelim—kind treatment
 may do that without a miracle; but as to
 growing younger, it is one of those fashion-
 able compliments that rather mortifies than
 pleases

pleases—besides the foolish vanity it supposes in the person it is addressed to—it insinuates that one's beauty, in the natural course of things, ought to be in its declension.

However, if I really am handsomer to-day than I was yesterday, it cannot be helped—I know I am quite a journal; I am *journaliere*, and I ask yesterday's pardon; besides, you know I never look well in a morning without I have had a very good night—now and then I have observed, Lady Betty, that a very good morning has produced the same effect—upon the whole, Lady Betty, few people have better nights than your Ladyship, which is the reason, I suppose, of your looking so much handsomer in a morning than most women in general

neral do.—Sir Phelim, I confess, from your behaviour, I have no reason to think time has made any great havock of my charms.—I heartily wish that all my country-women, who have been as long married, and have had as many children, could say the same thing—but tenderness is little known, and attention less to the moody husbands of this island.—You seem to make a distinction, my dear, where there is none. If there is tenderness, there will be attention of course ; at least the latter cannot exist without the former for a length of years, with that *rigour* and *punctuality* that, I flatter myself, mine has always been marked with ; but as you were going to pass a compliment indirectly upon my countrymen, Lady Betty, give me leave, as their representative,

C

sentative, to shew you for once, that it is possible for an Irishman to possess a small share of modesty :—with your permission, therefore, we will change the subject.

—What have you got in your hand, my dear?—An employment for you, Sir Phe-
lim—Nothing can come more apropos, my dear, for I am woefully *desœuvré* ; I have just received an account that my behaviour in our silly Parliament has incurred the indignation of the Almighty ; and this notification is accompanied with a ministerial thunder-bolt ; that is, I must put on sack-cloth, or turn out of my Irish employment, The condition tells you that I have resigned, and am ready to accept of one from you, upon any terms.—'Tis what I have
long

long expected, Sir Phelim; but thanks to my uncle, who is in Heaven, they cannot so easily turn you out of a good English estate.—These foolish people don't know that we can make a shift to exist comfortably, even in the country, with hardly a christian to converse with.—Our resources that way are certainly few.—The parson's wife, you know, is only a christian by courtesy, as her husband is a gentleman.—My neighbour, your flirtation in former days, when you were a knight in arms, is of the dubious kind.—I always recall that scene with pleasure.—The first time I ever saw you, Sir Phelim, was at the widow Wadman's; at that time a fine romping girl, just upon the point of marriage with her late husband, a very unfuitable match, I thought, both

as to age, disposition, and constitution ; then and there were you doing duty upon her, after a review ball, where you had the honour to be her partner.—However, as the widow possesses three good points of christianity, faith, hope, and charity—at least passive charity—if you will answer for the active—for her good works, Sir Phelim, she shall pass for a christian, in this position—with such aid de camps would I bury myself alive with you, Sir Phelim, rather than bend to the very best of them—my family pride is not a bit lessened by my connection with you.—I shall never forget my saucy, sneering brother's speech to me before we were married—I had twenty reasons for which you must give me credit for never mentioning it to you till this moment.—

Lady

Lady Betty, said he, I hear you are going to be married to one of the greatest O's in all Ireland.—Our family, sister, is proud enough without bringing so great a personage into it to make us prouder—A prince, they tell me ; the thirteenth of his illustrious name—a circumstance that, I think, Lady Betty will not overlook in the number of his accomplishments.—In order to understand this, which Lady Betty herself possibly never did *altogether*, I must inform the reader, that it was a custom in the Irish Thanistry, which is still continued by some of the ancient families of that kingdom, for the Thane, as also for the heir apparent at the age of 24, to make his trial of manhood.

—After

After the carousal, they proclaim the number of lances that he breaks in the ring, by which proclamation he acquires a right to add the number to his name as a title of distinction.—This custom was preserved in Sir Phelim's family—his grandfather was Artus the ninth—his father Manus the eleventh—and he himself Phelim the thirteenth.

—Sir John Davies, in his Reports upon Cases in Irish Thanistry, makes no mention of this usage; from whence I conclude, that the native, or, as he calls them, the meer Irish, were unwilling to part with that Thanish prerogative; he grounds the legal discountenance of Irish customs upon their unreasonableness and inconvenience; and this usage falling under the same general reason,

son, ought to have been abolished like the rest; for it can never appear, that the breaking so great a number of lances, consecutively upon a given day, was either reasonable or convenient.—Lady Betty, for your compliment of burying yourself alive with me, I can do no less than burn myself alive with you. We both speak metaphorically; but I mean plainly, that I shall always retain the same ardent passion.—As to your brother, I know his Lordship has often thought proper to make me the subject of his wit—but I had rather talk about my employment.—If it is in the least inconsistent with my obligations to Lady Betty, mind, I renounce it.—I think you are well enough acquainted with that, Lady Betty, Sir Phelim, to be sure, that she will never engage
you

you in an undertaking to her own wrong—
 You must be sensible, my dear, laying one
 hand upon his whilst, she poured out a ba-
 son of tea with the other.—How uncom-
 monly tenacious I am of my own right—I
 know nobody that holds it faster, or main-
 tains it more resolutely, said Sir Phelim, with
 an equivocal smile, which Lady Betty re-
 ceived with a suffusion that went off in a
 simper.—I know, said he, my dear, his
 mouth returning to its natural decorum, and
 his eyes only reflecting the simper back
 again---I know you are tenacious of your
 right, at the same time doing homage to
 her hand, as an acknowledgment of her
 claim.---That picture upon your bracelet,
 said he, is not more your property than the
 original---All the merit of either is derived
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from the situation in which you have placed them—Your muffin will be cold, Sir Phelim—but why omit my friend Toby, Lady Betty, out of your christian catalogue? What do you take him for, my dear?—Not for a Mahometan, Sir Phelim, believe me—I dare say he would sooner doubt his own than the immateriality of the widow's soul.—What is your opinion of the widow's soul, Sir Phelim—Nothing but matter can touch, or be touched, says my Lucretius and your Marchetti.—Do you think matter can make any impresson there, Sir Phelim?—My dear Lady Betty, it is the only foible you have, and one so flattering in some respects to the person you intend it for, that he may very well bear with—upon my honour and conscience—I know 'tis in vain—

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and

32 Italian Translator of Lucretius

and seriously upon any other point I should feel myself mortified, to find such a declaration heard with a smile of incredulity by Lady Betty—which puts me in mind of Toby, for I had almost lost him—Toby, then, is no Mahometan, and I defy you to make a Jew of him; so if he is not a christian, he must be something, whatever that be, very near as good—his elder brother is at your service—make what you will of him, I think him as queer a Heathen as Diogenes, or any crack-brained philosopher amongst them—his Lady has, indeed, the air of a scripture-piece under the old coverture—but none of the languishing penitence of Magdalen; none of the sweet resignation of a hundred beauties that ministered in the new covenant—but as I was saying, or going

ing to say, I wish we were this moment upon that famous topic which, you may remember, was cut short so ridiculously—nice situations and trying points was the subject.

—Poor Toby, how wretchedly must he have come off with his refinements upon self-denial; if he could have had an opportunity to reduce them to practice—nothing I fear less than contempt from that exalted being for whose sake he spun them so fine—you cannot have forgot his astonishment at the case I put, the widow present—I steal to the captain's bed with my bed-gown loose, *(said yr disorder in my eyes, a glow upon my cheeks, Widows)* a taper in my trembling hand, and a story of a ghost upon my faltering tongue, with

other pretty circumstances that you have ingeniously and generously thrown in ! I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir Phelim, both for your drawing and the kind use you have made of it.—Upon which Toby made a low bow—your Ladyship's politeness gave you the slip, you could hold out no longer, and a loud laugh was the consequence.—Never bow was more misplaced—never bow more involuntary, not excepting the mechanical bow of a whole congregation—I can compare it only to the bow of a felon when a judge has passed sentence of death upon him.—Compare it to nothing, Sir Phelim, let it stand by itself, as it is very well able to do—and then, Lady Betty, that charming mixture of confusions between them, quite of different natures, and from separate causes.

causes.—The apology too, as extraordinary as the bow; in short, it was altogether one of those scenes the French call *impayable*.—I remember it well, my dear, and was quite delighted when you stepped up to his assistance; it was painful to see so good a creature suffer—but I own I had not those feelings for Mrs. Wadman—our observations were the same with respect to the different natures and causes of their confusion—Every body is not blessed with our penetration, Sir Phelim—I wish you would bestow a little of your's upon your poor friend—I cannot spare him a bit of mine, you know I have occasion for it all, Sir Phelim—But you shake your noddle at me and begin to look whimsical; let us leave off, then, just as abruptly as you and

Toby

Toby did——I am very compassionate when I see people struggling with their misfortunes, and endeavouring to conceal their distress; so prepare to receive your employment with a double acknowledgement.——What I brought down to breakfast was a review——I hope your Ladyship is not so unmerciful as to turn me over to the company of Caledonian pedlars—a laudable partiality to the learned Irish, Sir Phelim—upon my word, Lady Betty, those northern lights always chill me——If you had said blights, Sir Phelim, the conceit would have been more intelligible——I do think a western aspect more genial; but I tell you now, Sir Phelim, they shall not chill you—on the contrary, I have brought you a Greek
 epigram

epigram that will make you warm with laughing.

—Then it is none of their translation, I'll be sworn—it is not, Sir Phelim—the translation may be a very good one, and I hope it will—But at present there is none at all.—These gentlemen declare it is a case of laughter reserved only for the *bonne bouche* of those who understand Greek.

—Here a pause ensued by an attempt of Sir Phelim to make a diversion.—Pshaw, Sir Phelim, I will have my way at least for once in my life—Now I understand you—As a dabler in that language, and in poetry, you are willing to contribute to my entertainment in every shape—I have as little

the opinion of their reserved cases as of their criticisms, and I heartily wish, both for my sake, and every bodies sake, that they would always write in Greek.—For your sake, Sir Phelim! God forbid you should ever turn author—If I should, Lady Betty, I am no Tory.—I can never attempt to impose the slavish doctrine upon a pupil of Mrs. Macaulay—*that writing* is the same thing as *acting*—besides, a bird in the hand, Lady Betty.—The reader may imagine that he spoke metaphorically a second time—by no means—it was literally so.—Phelim the thirteenth had actually put a bird into Lady Betty's hand—but she resolutely followed her purpose, without parting, however, with the bird already in her possession.

I con-

—I confess, Sir Phelim, I have a violent curiosity ; by which it appears that curiosity is the strongest passion of the sex—I won't absolutely call it a longing, because you may refuse me, if you chuse rather to amuse yourself than gratify me ; but if you are not *positively determined*, most certain it is, I have an impatience to know what that risible subject can be that nobody must laugh at that does not understand Greek—and which they say is published for the emolument of a grave and learned bench—That may be, said Sir Phelim, running his eye over it, but they have not paid much regard to the ease and interest of the ladies, in whose beds, after the fatigues of the bench, their gravities repose, like Phœbus in the lap of Thetis—You provoking wretch you, don't tan-

E

talize

talize me so; my dear Sir Phelim, translate it directly, put me out of my pain, and make me as merry as a Greek—pronounced short and quick by way of what the rhetoricians call a paronomasia, which is only a pun upon grig—at the same time, either to shew her firmness and contempt of all vulgar opinions, or because she knew she could recover it when she pleased, she let go her bird.—If that is the case, my dear—deuce take the epigram—the sooner I set about it the better.—But I must tell you, my dear, 'tis not only shockingly obscene, but abominable.—I'll try, however, to give it a twist and change the situation, and see what that will do—for your's is really a longing case, Lady Betty, or you never would have thrown cold water upon my proposal

posal for a compromise—therefore, as I cannot think of amusing myself exclusively, I'll proceed to an employment more agreeable to Lady Betty—very complaisant on your side, most disinterested Sir Phelim—So then, in obedience to my commands, you are proceeding, I see, to the writing table—how long do you think you will be proceeding about it?—not long—scarce so long as the time of action in the drama.—How should I know how long that is.—Why, then, give me, Lady Betty, a quarter of an hour for the whole performance—but don't leave the room—if you do, I'll throw up my employment—And if you do, Sir Phelim—you shall have no other—till you shew your abilities in the office I have assigned you—still the strongest proofs of the superiority

periority and absolute dominion of curiosity
 —in the mean time I'll write a few cards—
 then give a loose to meditation, and try
 whether I can, by dint of ingenuity, arrive
 at any sort of guess about the emolument—
 Lady Betty, the *quart d'heure de Rabelais* is
 over--my reckoning is paid,--great wits don't
 always jump—I'll lay you double the value
 that you have not hit upon the true emolu-
 ment—but have you given it the twist you
 talked of, and changed the situation?—I
 have very properly, and I hope effectually,
 my dear—there is nothing in it now—either
 against the law or the gospel—before it was
 in open defiance of both—and for that rea-
 son, no doubt, it afforded so much enter-
 tainment to our modest and chaste criticks,
 that

that they selected it out of a whole bundle
for such merry Grecians as themselves—
here it is for you, Lady Betty—take it, and
much good may it do you.

The EMOLUMENT, or the WAY to CONVERT
FEMALE SINNERS.

WHAT ! big with child, and face to face !
Will you be foolish all your lives ?
This is the proper time and place
To make *true converts* of your wives :
Give them no comfort, nor relief,
Till they turn over a new leaf.

Let

Let them be brought upon their knees—
 In night caps muffled, like deserters,
 Then work upon them by degrees,
 Like gentle and humane *converters*—
 Take time exactly in the nick,
 Make the best use of their condition,
 Push home, and touch them to the quick,
 Till they give signs of true contrition.

Convert from *Cunnum vertere*. Contrition
 from *Cunnum terere*.

JACOB'S LAW DICTIONARY.

I am sorry, Sir Phelim, I gave you so much
 trouble—what you have made of it you
 know

know best—twisting enough there is of conscience ; but how you can value yourself upon mending the situation, I don't comprehend—it is not easy to conceive a worse—this good it has done me, however—I never will be so peremptory in my curiosity again—for the future, Sir Phelim, you shall go on in your own way.

—But pray, Sir Phelim, read the Greek—how do you like it, my dear?—it is very musical—what's the meaning of *pugie πρυή*, Sir Phelim?—So pretty a sound ought to have a pretty meaning—you are in the right of it—for it is a complex idea of beauty, modesty, firmness, joined with great sensibility and an air of grandeur and dignity
into

into the bargain.—And pray what does that complication of merit mean?—Upon honour it means your Ladyship's backside—and upon my honour I had much rather it stood for another complex idea, particularly in our situation.—Here I must step in again to inform the reader, that Sir Phelim lived near White-Hall, the house fronting the water, by which means Lady Betty's ears were often wounded by that vulgar monosyllable, which is the disgrace of our language, and which those low people are so fond of for its peculiar roughness—in Greek it does very often stand for that complex idea—I don't know whether 'tis Greek or Hebrew, or what it stands for, but it sounds very like Italian—what do you laugh at, Sir Phelim—some conceit

conceit, I suppose, that I cannot enter into
 —it is not fit you should, my dear—
 Fit or unfit, my curiosity is at an end
 —but don't let us lose this fine day, Sir
 Phelim;—I don't intend you should, my
 dear—The chariot is already at the door—
 I'll just step up stairs with you and lay you
 on a little rouge, because I propose to leave
 you with Reynolds this morning for an
 hour or two—Rouge always gives, you
 know, at least I know, an inexpressible
 sweetness to your eyes—besides, it may not
 be so adviseable to leave you with him to-
 morrow—you may not, perhaps, have so
 good a night, nor so good a morning—Go,
 you foolish creature, said Lady Betty, lock-*ing*
 her arm in his.—Thus talking, arm in

F

arm,

arm, with Miltonick happiness, they ascended into Lady Betty's dressing-room, and from thence, (after he had laid on the rouge) descending in the same manner, they stepped into the chariot and drove to

REYNOLDS'S.



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London, February 20, 1768.

PROPOSALS for printing **A NEW BARONET-AGE of ENGLAND**: containing an historical and genealogical account of the **ENGLISH BARONETS**, now existing, from the institution of that order, in the reign of King James the First, to the present time. With all the **ARMS** accurately and elegantly engraved.—It is proposed to print this work in octavo, in the same size and manner as the **Peerage of England**; and it is hoped the public will be pleased to distinguish it from any puerile attempt to mislead their judgments.

To the **PUBLIC.**

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ing of which several curious and valuable materials have been kindly furnished by some learned friends; many books have been consulted, which had escaped the notice of former editors; and many pedigrees and other authentic accounts examined, to which they had not been able to procure access. With these and the like helps, this Baronetage, it is presumed, will appear to greater advantage than any former work of the same kind; yet even with all these helps the editors are far from thinking it will be perfect, without the kind assistance of the Baronets themselves or their friends, especially those who have been created since the year 1740; and therefore it is most earnestly requested, that they would be so obliging, as well from a regard to their own honour and dignity, as in compliment to the public, to transmit an account of their families and arms, (or point out where they may be met with) to the publisher, J. ALMON, in Piccadilly, who will take care to forward them to the editors. By this means the work will be rendered accurate and perfect; and each family will have the satisfaction of appearing in the manner that is most agreeable to its wishes. The editors, therefore, cannot conclude without repeating their earnest solicitation to the several families, into whose hands these proposals may fall, to contribute their friendly and generous assistance towards compleating this useful and valuable design.

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